

*The Historie*

*Fal.* I would twere bed time Hal, and all well, *No* *Prin.* Why, thou owest God a death.

*Falst.* Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day, what need I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, tis no matter, honor prickes me on yea, but how if honor prickes me off when I come on? how then can honor set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, nor hath no skil in surgerie then? no, what is honor? a word, what is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire, a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday, doth he feele it? no, doth he heare it? no, tis insensible the yea, to the dead but will not lue with the living; no, why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.* *Enter Worcester, sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my nephew must not know sir Richard, The liberal and kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* I were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vnder one, It is not possible, it cannot be The king should keepe his word in louing vs, He will suspect vs still, and find a time To punish this offence in other faults, Supposition, al our liues shall be stucke full of eyes, For treason is but trusted like the Foxe, Who neuer so tame, so cherish and lockt vp, Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters, Looke how we can, or sad or merely, Interpretation will misquote our looks, And we shall feed like oxen at a stall, The better cherisht still the nearer death, My nephewes trespass may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood, And an adopted name of priueledge, A hair-braind Hotspurgouern'd by a spleene, All his offences lue vpon my head And on his fathers. We did traine him on, And his corruption being tane from vs,

*We*

*of Henrie the fourth.*

We as the spring of all shall pay for all: Therefore good coosen, let not Harry know In any case the offer of the King. *Enter Percy.*

*Ver.* Deliuier what you will, ile say tis so. Here comes your coosen,

*Hot.* My vncke is returnd, Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland, Vncke, what newes?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battell presently.

*Doug.* Desie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry and shal, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercie in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.

*Wor.* I tolde him gently of our greeuances, Of his oath breaking, which he mended thus, By now forswearing that he is forsworne, He calls vs rebels, traitors, and will scourge With haughtie armes this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Arme gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne A braue defiance in king Henries teeth, And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it, Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king, And nephew, chalengd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O would the quarrell lay vpon our heads, And that no man might draw short breath to day, But I and Harry Monmouth; tell me, tell me, How shewed his tasking? seemd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soule I neuer in my life Did heare a chalenge vrgde more modestly, Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare, To gentle exercise and prooue of armes. He gaue you all the duties of a man, Trind vp your praises with a Princely tongue, Spoke your detruings like a Chronicle, Making you euer better then his praiſe, By still dispraising praiſe valued with you, And which became him like a prince indeed,

*He*